

The RALLY

A Scouting Magazine for the American Girl

Volume II, Number 2

NOVEMBER, 1918

TEN CENTS A COPY
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR



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COMING!

For Christmas



A Whole Bagful of Good Things in *The Rally!*

First of all, A Beautiful Picture of our Honorary President—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson—all ready for framing.

A Story, written Just for You, of a Girl Who Thought she Wanted a Turquoise and Diamond Ring more than anything else, until she—but we mustn't tell the rest.

More Chapters from that Jolly Story "Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers."

And ever so many other Features, Planned Especially for Girl Scouts.

Be sure you don't miss this copy of *The Rally*.
If you haven't already subscribed, send in \$1.00
for a year's subscription **NOW** and start with
the December number.



"Every Girl Pulling for Victory"

WHAT THE UNITED WAR FUND MEANS TO GIRL SCOUTS

A Chance for You to Send a Bit of "Home" to Our Boys in the Trenches

WHEN we hear the sounds of a band and of marching feet, what do most of us still do, even though the sounds have become very familiar ones, these days?

We still rush to see the boys pass by, for we know that is what the music and marching mean, and no matter how many times we have seen that kind of marching before, we want to see it again, for there are few things that make our own part in the war seem so real as to see the fine fellows who are soon "going in" marching by in khaki-clad ranks, thousands in number, to the strain of martial music and the beat of drums.

Just Suppose—

Now just suppose that some day you were at the biggest parade of all, a parade of two million splendid American boys, those who are now fighting for us on the other side—and that the President was there, as, of course, he would be, sitting right opposite you in a grand stand. And that as line after line of courageous war-worn men tramped by, your heart was pretty near to bursting with the glory of the whole thing, and your pride in our country and her men, and that you wished more than anything else that you might have a share in the big task, that you *personally* might do something that would help. And suppose just as you were wishing that, President Wilson should step down from his seat and walk right up to you, a Girl Scout, as you stood on the curb, and say,

"Do you *really* want to do something to help these boys of ours?"

Is there any girl in the country who would hesitate for a moment?

No, indeed!

You would fairly shout in your eagerness to reply—

"I'll do anything at all to help; show me the way!"

Well, that is just what is happening; there is work for you to do. There are seven big organizations who want you to do it. The Presi-

dent of the United States has approved the work and counts on your co-operation.

Before you can understand your own particular part you will want to hear about the whole undertaking.

You know, of course, of the splendid work the Y. M. C. A. is doing for our men overseas. You have heard of the canteens which it has established, where our men, weary with fighting and a bit homesick, too, because they have been so many thousands of miles away from their folks for so long, may find warmth and cheer and food—the nearest things to *Home* that they have over there. The Y. M. C. A. furnishes writing paper, too—many of you have letters with the little red trian-

As soon as every member of your troop has paid her pledge, send in your report. We will be waiting to add your name to Our Own Victory Honor Roll which will appear monthly in THE RALLY. The Honor Roll includes the names of all troops who have paid their pledges in full. There are 35,000 registered Girl Scouts. This makes our quota \$175,000. Let us go 'way over the Top!

gle in the corner coming to your home every week—and it furnishes also a comfortable place for the boys to write.

Then there is the Jewish Welfare Board, which is taking special care of the Jewish boys at the front, and the Knights of Columbus, which is doing the same fine sort of work as the Y. M. C. A.

The Salvation Army lassies you have seen pictures of in the Sunday papers, courageously working right up to the trenches in portable kitchens, serving pie and doughnuts, and putting heart into the men by their good home-made cheer.

The American Library Association provides books and music for the soldiers, stories and songs that

take the men away from the trenches in their leisure hours and make them forget the bitterness of war.

And one must not forget the Y. W. C. A., that huge organization that is working among the women who are giving their lives for their country, among the nurses, signal corps girls, and munition workers, providing rest rooms and entertainment for them all.

Nearer home there is the War Camp Community Service. In the cities near the big camps this organization works, welcoming stranger soldiers and sailors, and listing places where those who are on leave may eat, sleep and find amusement. The boy from Texas who is transferred to a northern camp, and the Yankee boy who is sent west, would have a lonely time of it were they not looked after in this way.

The Need of Home Cheer

If you have counted, you will find that we have named in all seven organizations, each one doing the best sort of work among our men, *necessary* work, for it has been proven beyond a doubt that soldiers who are as well cared for and who have as much recreation as war will permit make better fighters. In other words, the chap who is backed up by good *home cheer*—and that is what these organizations are all trying to bring to the men—fights with more spirit than the homesick, discouraged chap, who sees nothing and thinks of nothing but war.

But of course these organizations cannot work without funds, for it takes a great deal of money to carry the spirit of home into the trenches. And the American people to whom these brave boys and their big Cause are dearer than all else, must see that money is never lacking. How dreadful it would be if some poor war-weary chap had to do without his bit of home because you and I preferred to keep our money ourselves! No one who really thinks about it would let that happen for a moment—I should say not!

(Continued on page 8)

The RALLY

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A SCOUT GIFT

Once upon a time, at about this season of the year, we, all of us, little girls and big girls, too, used to begin to talk about Christmas. We began to make wonderful plans and even more wonderful presents. These last we worked on very privately with much whispering, hustling them quickly out of sight when we heard footsteps approaching. Sometimes we even dared to mention presents we would like to receive ourselves, not in too loud a voice, of course, but just loudly enough so that parents and generous uncles and aunts might hear.

And then came the War. Many, many things changed, and among them the habit of lavish giving, for it did not seem quite right when money was needed for those who were fighting to spend it on those of us who had stayed safely at home. Neither did it seem quite right to do entirely without Christmas.

And so instead of spending much money we have sent many greeting cards to our friends, and to our families we have given little useful presents that expressed our love quite as well as the more expensive gifts.

This year we will be doing the

The RALLY

same thing, for although the outlook is steadily brightening, we must not yet relax the least little bit.

Our first and best efforts, of course, will go into filling that box for our own particular "boy from home" who's on the other side. We'll cram the greatest amount of cheer and home and happiness into that box that three pounds was ever known to embody before. Our next thought will be for the little mother who waits at home—a single gift that will bring a swift smile,—and for father, something warm and comfy—then the baby, bless his heart, some mittens, perhaps and, for him, a few simple toys.

As for yourself, when you see your stocking on Christmas morning you will find it stuffed to the bursting point with a nice lot of practical things, warm gloves or handkerchiefs, or perhaps a part of your scout equipment that you have been longing for, for months. And say, how would you like to see a copy of the RALLY sticking right out of the top! And when you grabbed it out, suppose a little card fell out and you read "Merry Christmas from Aunt Kate, a real scouting magazine for our own Girl Scout!" Wouldn't that be the best thing of all — to know that it was coming to you for a whole year! Nobody can deny that it would be a fine scout gift—and a practical one, too, for the practical magazine of a practical organization couldn't be anything else.

The RALLY makes a fine gift for scout to give to scout or for grown-ups to give to scouts. Drop a hint and see if you don't find your very own magazine among your gifts. Meanwhile be thinking of the girls you know to whom you might make that same gift. There are few, if any, gifts for a dollar that could give more lasting enjoyment to a real scout.

BE A VICTORY GIRL

If you have not already read the article "What the United War Fund Means to Girl Scouts," be sure you do read it before you finish the magazine. Through the United War Fund Campaign an opportunity has come for the Girl Scouts to distinguish themselves nationally. The article tells all about it. The fact that our own National President, Mrs. Juliette Low, and our National Director, Abby Porter Leland, have been appointed to the National Committee, Victory Girls' Division, United War Fund Campaign, should give every Girl Scout a personal pride in the work, and make her eager to do her part.

MOVING NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

This is the month when National Headquarters, Girl Scouts, moves from the old offices at 527 Fifth Avenue, to new offices at 1 Madison Avenue, in the Tower of the Metropolitan Building.

For a long time it has been evident that the old offices were outgrown. The increase in scout membership—from 12,812 on October 1, 1917, to 33,465 on October 1, 1918—has meant a vast increase in work for all departments. To mention just two instances, compare these figures taken from Reports for the Field and Equipment Departments.

During the month of January, 1918, the number of communications received by the Secretary of the Field Department amounted to 550; by September, 1918, this number had increased to 1,032. In eight months the figures had nearly doubled!

The total for sales in the Equipment Department during the month of September, 1917, amounted to \$2,746.45. During the month of September, 1918, the total was \$6,228.04—more than double the figures of the preceding year.

This increased correspondence and business has meant a larger staff, and consequently more working space. The first step toward enlargement of Headquarters was taken when the Editorial Office was moved from the General Office into a separate room. But even that did not solve the problem. The only logical thing to do was to move.

After careful investigation very desirable offices were secured in the Metropolitan Tower. The new offices assure the organization not only present satisfaction, but opportunity for the growth which is sure to continue.

The following facts about the new National Home will perhaps be of interest:

The Metropolitan Building is one of the largest in New York City. The tower, which is on the northwest corner, is fifty stories high, and can be seen for many miles, especially at night, when the huge clock is illuminated. This clock is three stories in height and a good-sized house could easily be set on the face of it.

There are forty-eight elevators in the building and it has been estimated that they travel 124,090 miles in the course of a year. The building contains 30,000 electric lights and 2,462 miles of telephone and signal wire.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Donations for the extension of Scouting that were entered on the Honor Ledger at National Headquarters during last month, were all from close neighbors. Some were large and some were small but all were welcome.

A letter from Rosalie Duryea, Captain of Troop No. 1, Riverhead, N. Y., with donation enclosed, tells how the troops' camping trip helped to extend Scouting: "Enclosed please find a rather late and small

contribution toward 'Scoutism.' We'd like to make it much more but we're young yet and there seems to be so much to help now. We are giving the Red Cross \$5.00 this week also.

Here is an interesting bit taken from Mrs. Hattie Rotter's letter in which she enclosed a contribution from the Girl Scouts of Duquesne, Pa.: "Our lawn fete held September 3, was a success. We sent a check for \$146 to Mr. Beeson, Treasurer of the Fatherless Children of France, for the adoption of four war orphans. We also feel it our

duty to send the enclosed check to National Headquarters and hope you will accept the same."

Contributions announced to Sept. 23 amounted to \$1,462.88

Troop No. 1, Purchase, N. Y. 4.00

Troop No. 1, Riverhead, N. Y. 1.10

For - get - me - not Troop, Duquesne, Pa. 25.00

Troop No. 2, Salem, Mass. 2.00

Total to October 11 \$1,494.48

WHAT THE UNITED WAR FUND MEANS TO GIRL SCOUTS

(Continued from page 1)

These seven organizations have set aside a week, November 11-18, when the need of money for this work is to be brought before the great American public. And the appeal, which will be for a great deal of money \$170,500,000—will be called the United War Fund Campaign.

Perhaps you have been wondering all this time where your part comes in.

Most appeals, as you know, are to grown-ups, and sometimes it makes us feel a little left out, to know that it is Father's and Mother's money and service that the country needs more than ours. But this time it is different, for not only is there a separate appeal to us, but we have a division of our very own; it is called the Victory Girls.

To be a Victory Girl you must pledge yourself to earn and give five dollars toward this great work of bringing Home to the trenches. And just here is the important part. The five dollars must come from you. Five dollars that Father or Aunt Mary or anybody else gives you, does not count at all. You must earn the money either by work or sacrifice, so that when you make the gift you can say this is my gift to our men, and mean it.

Sacrifice means doing without, so that someone else—a soldier—may have instead. If, for instance, when you are on the way to the movies with ten or fifteen cents for admission in your pocket, you suddenly remember that after all a movie doesn't mean a great deal to you, for you can have plenty of other good times, playing with the girls or reading the new magazines, but that a movie might mean a great deal to a boy on the other side who was lonely and homesick and had nowhere to go—and for that reason you give up the movie and save the money to pay your pledge, that money is sacrifice

money and you are allowed to count it in your gift.

"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"

There is another way of saving, too, and the key to it is our own law: "A Girl Scout is Thrifty." If you do without the new dress that Mother had planned to buy, if you re-trim last winter's hat instead of having a new one, you are entitled to count the money which would actually have been used to buy these things as part of your pledge money. If your clothes are so badly worn that you cannot mend them for yourselves, remake them for Little Sister or Cousin, and so save a new dress there. All these economies not only save money, they do something else as well—they help to save labor, and that is just as important these days as money. By wearing your old clothes you are saving the factories, the milliners and the shoemakers the amount of time required to make your new clothes, and that time can be used doing necessary war work.

Carfare is another expense that can often be saved by getting up just a little earlier in the morning. Those of you who live within a mile or even two of your school ought to be glad to get into good Scout training by means of a brisk walk at least once a day. And carfare counts up; even five cents a school day is twenty-five cents a week—\$5.00 in less than five months!

As to earning, there are lots of odd jobs that a wide-awake girl can do after school. But be sure that you do not do anything contrary to the Child Labor Laws in your State or the recommendations of the Local Committee. Many of you will not have to look farther than your own homes. Caring for children, washing dishes, cleaning silver, mending, blacking shoes; all these tasks suggest themselves. Yes, perhaps some

of them are tiresome, but not half so tiresome as standing day after day in mud-soaked trenches. Always remember that when you get "tired of your job."

Although the campaign for pledges lasts only a week, the money does not have to be paid in that time. On the contrary, you have until the first of next March to earn your five dollars. That being the case, there is surely not one Girl Scout in the United States who will not enlist. Many of you will want to give more, for five dollars only provides for one soldier for five weeks. Five dollars in eight months—any girl who really wants to can manage that—and is there anyone who does not really want to?

In all big towns there will be Local Committees in charge of the campaign. Through your Captain or Local Director get in touch with the Victory Girls' Division of this Committee; assure them that the Girl Scouts are only too eager to enlist; sign your pledges and get the little button which shows that you are part of the big home army; then start in to plan where that five dollars is coming from.

In many cases whole troops of you will be able to work together. Under the direction of your Captain, get up a mending afternoon; mend for all your neighbors; have snow shoveling parties and make fun out of your work; start making and selling Christmas wreaths right away; in the spring organize groups to do planting and gardening. There are dozens of ways of making money—and nothing truer than the old saying, "Where there's a will there's a way."

"Every Girl Pulling for Victory" is the slogan for the Victory Girls' Division; let us amend it a bit for ourselves and say "Every Girl Scout Pulling for Victory—and with all her heart!"

HALF-A-DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS

A Story for Girls in Half-a-Dozen Chapters

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

INSTALLMENT II

Continued from the October RALLY.

CHAPTER III

AN EMERGENCY CASE

THE next morning broke clear, bright, and sparkling, but bitterly cold.

I cannot attempt to tell you all the doings of that indefatigable and ingenious bevy of girls.

They had made the day a very long and lively one, and in the evening, their spirits still high and their inventive powers still unimpaired, they gave an impromptu concert. The audience was small but appreciative. Grandmother was in a private box—the high-backed arm-chair in the cosiest corner; Uncle Harry sat on a hastily-erected throne made by perching a stool on the dining-table, and being given a large pair of goggles, was requested to serve as dramatic and musical critic for the morning newspapers. Two or three of the boarders from Mrs. Carter's famous Winter Farmhouse on the hill, the young school-master (a Bowdoin student earning his college course by odd terms of teaching), and Hugh Pennell, his chum and classmate, home on a brief holiday, made quite a brave show when seated in three rows, while the unaffected laughter, the open mouths, and the staring eyes of "the help," Emma Jane Perkins, Betty Bean, and 'Bijah Flagg, who were grouped at the hall door, helped in the general merriment.

"I never had such a good time in my life, never, never" sighed Lilla, as she blew out the lamp, and tucked herself on the front side of the bed, a little later. "I have only two things to trouble me. First: my wisdom tooth feels as if it were going to ache again. Second: it is my turn to build the kitchen fire in the morning."

"Console yourself with one thought, my dear," murmured Bell, drowsily, yet sagely. "Both these misfortunes can't happen to you, for if your tooth chances to ache, we shall not have the heart to make you build the fire."

"Don't tell her that," urged Jo, with a prodigious yawn, "or she will

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR

[Six jolly girls spend an unexpected vacation from school house-keeping in the home of one of their number, Bell Winship, whose family is away. Great are the preparations for a good time, from the establishing of an apple barrel in the living-room corner "to save galloping up and down to the cellar," to the making of a bed wide enough for six, so that there will be "no quarreling about bedfellows or rooms." Finally the girls are installed under the watchful eyes of Miss Miranda and Miss Jane, next-door neighbors, who "don't dare sleep a wink" because of the heavy responsibility they feel.]

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be feigning toothache constantly."

Lilla's fears had good foundation, however, for in the middle of the night, Jo, who slept next the front side, awakened suddenly to find her slipping quietly out of bed.

"What's the matter, Lilla?" she whispered.

"Nothing; don't wake the others, but that miserable tooth grumbles just enough to keep me awake, and my temple aches and my cheek, too. Where is the lotion I use for bathing my face, do you know?"

"Yes, where you put it this morning, on the back of the wash-stand; sha'n't I light the lamp and help you?"

"No, no, hush!" said Lilla. "I can put my hand on it in the dark. Here it is! I'll bathe my face a few minutes, and then try to go to sleep."

So, she anointed herself freely, put the bottle and sponge under the head of the bed lest she should need them again, and, finally, the pain growing less, fell asleep.

In the morning, Bell, who awakened first, rubbed her eyes drowsily, glanced at Lilla, who was breathing quietly, and uttered a piercing shriek. This in turn aroused the other girls, who joined in the shriek on general principles, and then, blinking in the half-light, looked where Bell pointed. One side of Lilla's face was swollen, and of a dark, purple color, presenting a truly frightful appear-

ance. At length, hearing the confusion, Lilla awoke with a start, and her eyes being open, and rolling about in surprise, she looked still more alarming.

"What on earth is the matter, girls?" she asked, sitting up in bed, smoothing back her hair and rubbing her heavy lids.

Thereupon Edith and Alice began to tremble and nobody answered her.

"K-k-keep c-c-calm," said Bell.

"Lilla, dear, your face is badly swollen and inflamed, and we're afraid you are going to be ill, but we'll send for the doctor straight away. Does it pain you very much?"

Lilla jumped up hastily, and, looking in the mirror, uttered a cry of terror and sank back into the rocking-chair.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What can it be! It must be a malignant pustule—or spotted fever—or something dreadful! What shall I do? Bell, you are a doctor's daughter; do find out what's the matter with me! I am disfigured for life, and I wasn't very good-looking before."

"Girls," said Bell, "let us dress this very instant, for we can't be too quick about a thing of this kind. You, Jo, build the kitchen fire, and, Alice, make a blaze on the hearth in here; then, after we've made her comfortable, Edith can run and tell Uncle Harry to come."

"Put on the kettle," added Patty, "and heat blankets; they always do that in emergencies."

"Don't frighten me to death," wailed Lilla, "calling me 'a thing of this kind' and an 'emergency.' I don't feel a bit worse than I did in the night."

"She had neuralgia in her face," explained Jo; "that must have had something to do with it. She put on some of her liniment, and then dropped off to sleep. Come, darling, let us tuck you in bed again; try to keep up your courage!"

Then there was a hasty consultation in the kitchen 'midst many groans and tears. Bell was an authority on sickness, and she said, with an awe-struck face, that it must be a dreadful attack of erysipelas in the very last stages.

"But," cried Alice, perplexed, "it is all very strange, for why does she

have so little pain, and how could her face have turned so black from mortification in one-night?"

"Blood-poisoning is very quick and very deadly," said Patty, who had heard about such a case in her own family.

"Goodness knows what it is," exclaimed Bell, wringing her hands in nervous terror. "What to do with her I don't know; whether to put bricks to her head and ice to her feet, or keep her head cold and heat her 'extremities,' as father calls them—whether to give her a sweat or keep her dry, or wrap her in blankets, or get the linen sheets. Jo is with her now. If you'll go and wake Uncle Harry, Edith, it is the best thing we can do. Run along with her, too, Patty, and you won't be afraid to get her."

Alice and Bell went back presently to Lilla, who looked even worse, now that the room was bright with the glow of the open fire and the pale light of the student lamp.

"You patient old darling!" cried Bell, falling on her knees beside the bed. "We have sent for Uncle Harry and the Doctor, and now you are sure to be all right, for we've taken the thing in good time. Good gracious! what bottle have I tipped over under this bed?"

"It's my neuralgia liniment," murmured Lilla, faintly. "I bathed my face in it last night, and put it under there afterward. Don't spill it, for I can't get any more here."

"Your neuralgia lotion" shrieked Bell, first with a look of blank astonishment, and then one of excitement and glee mixed in equal parts. "Look at it, girls! Look, Alice and Joe! Oh, Lilla, you precious, blundering goose!" and thereupon she dragged out from beneath the bed valance a pint bottle of violet ink, and then relapsed into a paroxysm of voiceless mirth. Just then the back door opened, and in hurried Uncle Harry, Edith, and Patty, much terrified, for they had heard the shouts and gasps and excited voices from outside, and supposed that Lilla must at least have fallen into convulsions.

"Let me see the poor child immediately," cried Mr. Winship. "What is the trouble with you, Bell? are you demented? and where is Lilla?" looking at the apparently empty bed, for Lilla had wound herself in the sheets and blankets, disappeared from view, and was endeavoring to force a pillow into her mouth in order to render her shame-faced laughter inaudible. "Are you trying to play a joke on me?" continued he, with as much dignity as was consist-

ent with an attire made up of an undershirt, a pair of trousers, overshoes, a tall hat, and a gold-headed cane which he had quite unconsciously caught up in his hasty flight from his chamber.

"The fact is," answered Bell, between gasps, and trying desperately hard to regain her sobriety,—"the fact is—Uncle Harry—we made—a mistake, and so did—Lilla. There were two bottles just alike on the wash-stand, and in the night she bathed her face for five minutes in the purple ink! Oh, oh, oh!"

Uncle Harry's face relaxed into a broad smile as he realised the joke.

"Oh, Mr. Winship, you should have seen her" sighed Jo, lifting her head from the sofa-pillow, with streaming eyes. "All her face, except part of her forehead and one cheek, was covered with enormous dark purple blotches. She looked like a clown, or a Fourth of July fantastic, or anything else frightful!"

"Well," said Edith, slyly, "Bell said mortification had taken place. I don't think Lilla has even been more mortified than she is now; do you?"

"Puns are out of place, Edith," said Bell, severely. "Don't hurry, Uncle Harry. Don't let any thought of your rather peculiar attire cause you embarrassment."

But before Bell's teasing voice had ceased, the last thud, thud of his rubbers, and click, click of his gold-headed cane were heard in the hall, and he thought, as he tried to finish his early morning nap, that it would be a long time before he allowed those madcap girls to rout him out of bed again at five o'clock on a winter's day.

As for the girls themselves, they did not even make a trial of slumber, but first scrubbed Lilla energetically with hard soap and pumice, and then made molasses candy, determined that the roaring kitchen fire should be used to some purpose.

Having gained so much time by the unusual way in which they had started the day, they were enabled to look back at nightfall on an unprecedented number of activities, some of them rather unique and original. There was a call upon Emma Jane's mother, another upon Mrs. Carter at the Winter Farm, a sleigh-ride with Geoffrey Strong, the vehicle being a truck for hauling wood, an hour's coasting down Brigadier hill, and a trip to the doctor's for court plaster and arnica and peppermint and cough lozenges. Then directly after luncheon Bell and Jo made a private confidential call upon Grandma Winship's pig, leaving with him as evidences of regard several

samples of their own cookery. This call they hoped was unnoticed, but an hour afterwards the other four girls were espied coming from the Winships', all clad in black garments of one sort or another. When questioned as to the meaning of this mysterious piece of foolishness they merely remarked that they, too, had called upon the Winships' pig, but that it was a visit of condolence and sympathy.

CHAPTER IV A WINTER PICNIC

YOU may think that Lilla's "mortification" was quite an excitement in this enterprising young household; yet I assure you that never twenty-four hours passed but a ridiculous adventure of some kind overtook the girls. The daily bulletin which they carried over to Mrs. Carter at the Winter Farm kept the worthy inmates in constant wonderment as to what would happen next. Sometimes there was a regular programme for the next day, prepared the night before, but oftener, things happened of themselves, and when they do that, you know, pleasure seems a deal more satisfying and delightful, because it is unexpected. Uncle Harry was in great demand, and very often made one of the gay party of young folks off for a frolic. They defied King Winter openly, and went on all sorts of excursions, even on a bona-fide picnic, notwithstanding the two feet of snow on the ground. The way of it was this: On Friday, the boys—Hugh Pennell, Bell's cousin, Jack Brayton, and the young schoolmaster—turned the great bare hall in the top of the old Winship family house into a woodland bower.

By the way, I have not told you much about Geoffrey Strong yet, because the girls of the story have had everything their own way, but Geoffrey Strong was well worth knowing. He was only eighteen years old, but had finished his sophomore year at Bowdoin College, and was teaching the district school that he might partly earn the money necessary to take him through the remainder of the course. He was as sturdy and strong as his name, or as one of the stout pine-trees of his native State, as gentle and chivalrous as a boy knight of the olden time; as true and manly a lad, and withal as good and earnest a teacher, notwithstanding his youth, as any little country urchin could wish. Mr. Winship was his guardian, and thus he had become quite one of the Winship family.

The boys were making the picnic grounds when I interrupted my story with this long parenthesis. They took a large pair of old drop curtains used at some time or other in church tableaux, and made a dark green carpet by stretching them across the floor smoothly and tacking them down; they wreathed the pillars and trimmed the doors and windows with evergreens, and then planted young spruce and cedar and hemlock trees in the corners or scattered them about the room firmly rooted in painted nail-kegs.

"It looks rather bully, boys, doesn't it?" cried Jack, rubbing his cold fingers, "but I'm afraid we've gone as far as we can; we can't make birds and flowers and brooks!"

"What's the special difficulty?" asked Geoffry. "We'll borrow Grandmother Winship's two cages of canaries and Mrs. Adams' pet parrot, and altogether we'll be musical enough, considering the fact that the thermometer is below zero."

This suggestion of Geoff's they accordingly adopted, and their mimic forest became tuneful.

The next stroke of genius came from Hugh Pennell. He found bunches of white and yellow everlasting at home with which he mixed some cleverly constructed bright tissue-paper flowers, of mysterious botanical structure. He planted these in pots, and tied them to shrubs, and behold, their forest bloomed!

* * *

While these preparations were in progress, the six juvenile housekeepers were undergoing abject suffering in their cookery for the picnic. It had been a day of disasters from beginning to end—the first really mournful one in their experience.

It commenced bright and early, too; in fact, was all ready for them before they awoke in the morning, and the coal fire began it, for it went out in the night. Everybody knows what it is to build a fire in a large coal stove; it was Jo's turn as stoker and firewoman, and I regret to say that this circumstances made her a little cross, in fact, audibly so.

After much searching for kindling-wood, however, much chattering of teeth, for the thermometer was below zero, much vicious banging of stove doors, and clattering of hods and shovels, that trouble was overcome. But, dear me! it was only the first drop of a pouring rain of accidents, and at last the girls accepted it as a fatal shower which must fall before the weather would clear, and thus resigned themselves to the inevitable.

The breakfast was as bad as a breakfast knew how to be. The girls were all cooks today in the exciting preparation for the picnic, for they wanted to take especially tempting dainties in order that they might astonish more experienced providers. Patty scorched the milk toast; Edith, that most precise and careful of all little women under the sun, broke a platter and burned her fingers; Lilla browned a delicious omelet, and waved the spider triumphantly in the air, astonished at her own success, when, alas, the smooth littlet circlelet slipped ill-naturedly into the coal hod. Lilla stood still in horror and dismay, while Bell fished it hastily out, looking very crumpled, sooty, shrunken, and generally penitent, if an omelet can assume that expression. She slapped it on the table severely, and said, with a little choke and tear in her voice:

"The last of the eggs went into that omelet, and it is going to be rinsed, and fried over, and eaten. There isn't another thing in the house for breakfast. There is no bread; Alice put cream-of-tartar into the buckwheats, instead of saleratus, and measured it with a tablespoon besides; Miss Miranda's cat upset the milk can; the potatoes are frozen; an I am ashamed to borrow anything more of Grandmother."

"Never," cried Alice, with much determination. "Sooner eat omelet and coal hod, too! Never mind the breakfast! there are always apples. What shall we take to the picnic? We can suggest luncheon at high noon, and no one will suspect we haven't breakfasted."

"Let's make mince pies," cried Jo, animatedly, from her seat on the wood-box

"Goose," answered Bell, with a sarcastic smile. "There's plenty of time to make mince-meat, of course!"

"At any rate, we must have Jelly-cake," said Lilla, with decision, while dishing up the injured omelet for the second time. "We had better carry the delicacies, for Mrs. Pennell and the boys will be sure to bring bread and meat and common things."

"Oh, tarts, tarts" exclaimed Edith, in an ecstasy of reminiscence. "I haven't had tarts for a perfect age! Do you think we could manage them?"

"They must be easy enough," answered Patty, with calm authority. "Cut a hole out of the middle of each round thing, then fill it up with jelly and bake it; that's simple."

"Glad you think so," responded Edith, with an air of deep melancholy and cynicism, as she prepared to wash the cooking dishes and

found and empty dish-water pot. "I should think the jelly would grow hard and crusty before the tarts baked, but I suppose it's all right. Everything we touch today is sure to fail."

"Oh, how much better if you said, 'I'll try, I'll try, I'll try,'" sang Bell, in a spasm of gayety.

"Oh, how much sadder you will feel when you've tried, by and by," retorted Edith. "Is there anything difficult about pastry, I wonder? Look in the cookbook. Does it have to be soaked over night like ham, or hung for two weeks like game, or put away in a stone jar like fruit-cake, or 'braised' or 'trussed' or 'larded' or anything?"

"No," said Patty, looking up from the "Bride's Manual," "but it has to be pounded on a marble slab with a glass rolling pin."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Bell. "Tarts are nothing but pie-crust. This village is situated in the very middle of what is called the New England Pie Belt, and the glass rolling-pin and the marble slab have never been seen by the oldest or youngest inhabitant. I know that bride. When she makes pastry you can see her diamond engagement ring flash as she dips her turquoise scoop into her ruby flour-barrel. Look up soft ginger-bread, Patty."

"Four cups best New Orleans molasses—"

"The molasses is out," said Jo; "find jelly-cake."

"Jelly all gone," said Bell; "where, I can't think, for there were seventeen tumblers."

"The boys are awfully fond of it with bread," said Alice, reminiscently. "How about doughnuts?"

"All right," Bell answered, "of course you'll go to the store for more eggs and a pail of lard. We're out of molasses, eggs, lard, ginger, jelly, patience, and luck."

Over an hour was spent in futile excursions through the cookery books, vain rummings of the pantry and larder, frequent trips to the country store, and nothing was a triumphant success. Things that should have been thin were fat and puffy; those that should have risen high and light as air were flat and soggy; pots, pans, bowls, were heaped on one another in the sink until at one o'clock Alice Forsaith went to bed with a headache, leaving the kitchen in a state of general confusion and uproar. I cannot bear to tell you all the sorry incidents of that dreadful day, but Bell had shared in the blunders with the rest. She had gone to the store-room for citron,

and had stumbled on a jar of frozen "something" very like mince-meat. This, indeed, was a precious discovery! She flew back to the kitchen, crying:

"Hurrah! We'll have the pies after all, girls! Mother has left a pot of mince-meat in the pantry. It's frozen, but it will be all right. You trust to me. I've made pies before, and these shall not be a failure."

The spider was heated, and enough meat for three pies put in to thaw. It thawed, naturally, the fire being extremely hot, and it presently became very thin and curious in its appearance.

"It looks like thick soup with pieces of chopped apple in it," said Lilla to Bell, who was patting down a very tough, substantial bottom crust on a pie plate.

"We-l-l, it does!" owned the head cook, frankly; "but I suppose it will boil down or thicken up in baking. I don't like to taste it somehow."

"Very natural," said Lilla, dryly. "It doesn't look 'tasty,' and, to tell the truth, it does not look at all as I've been brought up to imagine mince-meat ought to look."

"I can't be responsible for your 'bringing up,' Lill. Please pour it in, and I'll hold the plate."

The mixture trickled in; Bell put a very lumpy, spotted covering of dough over it, slashed a bold original design in the middle for a ventilator, and deposited the first pie in the oven with a sigh of relief.

Just at this happy moment, Betty Bean, Mrs. Winship's maid-of-all-work, walked in with a can of kerosene.

"Don't you think that's funny-looking mince-meat, Betty?" asked Patty, pointing to the frying-pan.

Betty the wise looked at it one moment, and then said, with youthful certainty and disdain:

"'Tain't no more mince-meat than a cat's foot."

This was decisive, and the utterance fell like a thunder-bolt upon the kitchen-maids.

"Gracious," cried Bell, dropping her good English and her rolling-pin at the same time. "What do you mean? It looked exactly like it before it melted. What is it, then?"

"Suet," answered cruel Betty Bean. "Your ma chopped it and done it up in molasses for her suet plum puddins this winter. It's thick when it's cold; and when it was froze, maybe it did look like pie-meat with a good deal of apple in it; but it ain't no such thing."

This was too much. If I am to

relate truly the adventures of this half-dozen suffering little maidens, I must tell you that Bell entirely lost her sunny temper for a moment; caught up the unoffending spider filled with molasses and floating bits of suet; carried it steadily and swiftly to the back-door, hurled it into a snow-bank; slammed the door, and sat down on a flour-firkin, burying her face in the very dingy roller-towel. The girls stopped laughing.

"Never mind, Bluebell," cooed Patty, sympathetically, smoothing her hostess's curly hair with a very doughnutty hand, and trying to wipe her flushed cheeks with an apron redolent of hot fat. "You can use the rest of the pie-crust for tarts, and my doughnuts are swelling up beyootifully."

Bell withdrew the towel from her merry, tearful eyes, and said with savage emphasis:

"If any of you dare tell this at the picnic tomorrow, or let Uncle Harry or the boys know about it, I'll—I don't know what I'll do," finished she, weakly.

"That's a fearful threat," laughed Jo,—"The King of France and fifty thousand men plucked forth their swords! and put them up again."

And so this cloud passed over, and another and yet another with comforting gleams of sunshine between, till at length it was seven o'clock in the evening before the dishes were washed and the kitchen tidied; then six as tired young housewives stretched themselves before the parlor fire as a bright blaze often shines upon. Bell, pale and pretty, was curled upon the sofa, with her eyes closed. The other girls were lounging in different attitudes of dejection, all with from one to three burned fingers enveloped in cloths. The results of the day's labor were painfully meager,—a colander full of doughnuts, some currant buns, molasses ginger-bread, and a loaf of tolerably light fruit cake. Out in the kitchen closet lay a melancholy pile of failure,—Alice's pop-overs, which had refused to pop; Patty's tarts, rocky and tough; and a bride's cake that would have made any newly married couple feel as if they were at the funeral of their own stomachs. The girls had flown too high in their journey through the cook book. Bell and Jo could really make plain things very nicely, and were considered remarkable caterers by their admiring family of school-mates; but the dainties they had attempted were entirely beyond their powers; hence the pile of wasted goodies in the closet.

"Oh, dear," sighed Lilla. "Nobody has spoken a word for an age, and I don't wonder, if everybody is as tired as I. Shall we ever be rested enough to go tomorrow?"

"I was thinking," said Edith, dreamily, "that we have only seven more days to stay. If they were all to be as horrible as this, I shouldn't care very much; but we have had such fun, I dread to break up house-keeping. The chief trouble with today was that we did no planning yesterday. We never looked into the store-room nor bought anything in advance nor settled what we should cook."

"Well," said Bell, waking up a little, "we will crowd everything possible into the last week and make it a real carnival time. Tomorrow is Saturday and the picnic; on Monday or Tuesday we'll have some sort of a 'pow-wow,' as Uncle Harry says for the boys, in return for their invitation, and then we'll think of something perfectly grand and stupendous for Friday, our last day of fun. It will take from that until Monday to get the house into something like order for my mother's return. (This with a remorseful recollection of the terrible back bedroom, where everything imaginable had been "dumped" for a week past.)

"I haven't finished trimming our shade hats," called Alice, faintly, from the distance. "I will do it in the morning while you are packing the luncheon. Whatever we do let us unpack our baskets privately and try to mix in our food with Mrs. Carter's or Mrs. Winship's, so that nobody will know which is which."

The girls had tried to devise something jaunty, picturesque, and summery for a picnic costume; but the weather being too cold for a change of dress, they had only bought broad straw hats at the country store,—hats that farmers wore in haying time, with high crowns and wide brims. They had turned up one side of them coquettishly, and adorned it with funny silhouettes made of black paper, descriptive of their various adventures. Lilla's, for instance, had a huge ink bottle and sponge; Bell's a mammoth pie and frying-pan. Around the crowns they had tied colored scarfs of ribbon or gauze, interwoven with bunches of dried grasses, oats, and everlasting.

Half-past eight found them all sleeping as soundly as dormice; and the next morning with the recuperative power that youth brings, they awoke entirely refreshed and ready for the fray.

(To be continued)

A GIFT FROM THE TO OUR BOYS



Margaret and Dorothy, two small town girls, with nothing much to do, are so much impressed by a parade of Girl Scouts that they decided to become Girl Scouts, too.

The pictures on this page have all been taken from the film "The Golden Rule." These pictures and fifteen others—twenty-five in all—have been written to accompany them by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the scenario for the film. These slides are to be called "Picturelooks" and are one of the favorite kinds of entertainment in the boys' lives. The boys have "Picturelooks" on many subjects, and it is hoped that it will make them anxious to get better and wiser.

Both the film and the slides taken from it were produced by Everit Macy. These two members of the Girl Scout Executive Board have already been ordered by Local Girl Scout Headquarters, and the expense. It seems likely that "The Golden Rule" will be sent out soon.



"We Can't Get 'Em Up—We Can't Get 'Em Up." Later at the Girl Scout Camp Margaret has become the bugler.



Learning to swim in the "Crib" is great fun to Margaret and others to whom camp life is new. Farther out in the lake the more experienced girls dive and splash to their hearts' content.



Margaret and Dorothy find that an over-night hike with an open-air supper is much more fun than idling on the street eating ice cream cones.



Returning from the hike a slight accident occurs but the Scouts are true to their motto, "Be Prepared", and so have nothing to fear.

THE GIRL SCOUTS OF IN SERVICE

When taking the new Girl Scout film, "The Golden Eaglet," we have been made into a set of Girl Scout slides, and a little by Josephine Bacon. Mrs. Bacon, you remember, also wrote the "Picturelook" and are to be presented to the Y.M.C.A. of England in canteens and Y.M.C.A. huts here and abroad. This is the first Girl Scout one they have had, and we better add with us and our work. From it is possible through Mrs. Harold Pratt and Mrs. V. Girl Scout Board realized the great need of official Girl Scout amoumentary to the making of them. Three prints of the film "The Golden Eaglet," thus assuring an immediate return of three-fifths of the Golden Eaglet will soon be in circulation throughout the country. out soon.



Fannie, the Cook, is one of the most popular members of the Camp and the Scouts express their gratitude by bestowing a Thanks Badge on her at the close of the season.



A chance comes for Margaret to really distinguish herself; she is sent on a mission which develops into an exciting adventure. To fully appreciate this episode you must see the film.



Girl Scouts can be housewifely as well as brave. This is proven when Margaret's Troop undertakes to look after a soldier's family.



When the soldier father returns on leave, he is delighted at the changes that have taken place and thanks the girls warmly.



Finally Margaret wins her way to the highest award of all—The Golden Eaglet, which is presented to her by Mrs. Juliette Low, National President.

SCRIBES' CORNER—A PAGE of SCOUT LETTERS

Letters from You, for You and about You

MT. KISCO, NEW YORK

The following inspiring account of the work done by the Girl Scouts in Mt. Kisco has just been received:

The last week in September proved a very busy one for the Mt. Kisco Girl Scouts. On the 23d, Troop I and Troop II had a joint meeting on the village green, with eighty-one girls present. The most inspiring event of the afternoon was the awarding of the various badges won during the summer. The surprising number of 122 merit badges were given out, also one gold attendance pin and a silver medal of merit. But best of all twenty-eight girls received their War Service pins, eight having won them on the blue ribbon, one on the red ribbon and five on the red, white and blue ribbon.

The following Thursday the scouts helped in many ways at the Children's County Fair. They contributed pop-corn, milk and over forty gallons of lemonade which they sold to hundreds of children at a penny a glass.

The termination of the summer work came on Saturday, the twenty-eighth, when a Rally was held on the village green. Troops from Chappaqua, Pleasantville, Purchase, Bronxville and White Plains were present; the last two, however, did not participate in the events. The spirit shown by all the girls in their competitive work was most worthy of scouts, and the afternoon program went off splendidly. The following is a list of the events: I, Parade of Troops; II, Salute to Colors (a) Promise, (b) Laws; III, America; IV, Signalling; V, Individual Troop Stunt; VI, Relay Race; VII, Address by Mrs. Juliette Low; VIII, Stretcher Drill; IX, Scout Pace; X, Closing Exercises (a) Awarding Prizes, (b) The Star Spangled Banner.

The troops were fortunate in having Mrs. Low to address them, and Mrs. Snowden Marshall, Miss Caroline Lewis, and Mr. Lindley Varney, the Local Boy Scout Master, to act as judges.

One of the most entertaining features of the program was the relay race. Each girl was given an umbrella and a bag with a sweater and hat in it. At a signal the girls opened their bags, put on the sweaters and hats, opened the umbrellas and started. A stiff breeze added considerably to the excitement.

When each runner reached the place where her partner was stationed she had to put down the umbrella, take off the hat and sweater and pack them in the bag, and the second girl had to get them out again and put them on. The race was finished amid the cheers and laughter of the audience.

The Mt. Kisco troops won seven of the ten ribbons awarded. In the Troop Stunt, Troop II demonstrated the proper uses of triangular, roller and four-tailed bandages, and showed methods of carrying the injured by the chair or arm carry, shoulder carry and improvised stretcher made of two poles and scout ties. Of particular interest in the last case was the demonstration of lifting a patient on a stretcher over a stone wall.

Many compliments were given the girls, but the one most appreciated was that given by one of the Captains present who stated that the work of the Mt. Kisco scouts was most beneficial and inspiring to all those present, and that they had shown an ideal of true scouting which all the other troops were eager to attain.

C. C., Captain.

DORMONT, PA.

The girls start on their Loan campaign this week, and it has been rather difficult to hold them in check these first few days of the campaign, so eager are they to be up and doing.

Last Thursday night they decided to adopt a war orphan since our report from the treasurer announced that we had \$124.40 earned by the scouts themselves. We shall initiate our campaign by taking a bond for the troop. Not only this, but we have prepared three hundred paper knitting-bags for sale as soon as the Loan campaign is closed, from which we shall clear \$126.00 charging fifty cents a bag—all pledged to the Red Cross.

I believe I never have seen happy girls until I looked at my troop last Thursday night when they began to realize that they, too, were helping win this war. These eight months have meant much to the girls, and before their report for the year goes in it will mean infinitely more—they are learning that true happiness comes through helping others.

E. H. L., Captain

GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

The Scouts of Thistle Troop 1, Glen Ridge, N. J., recently had a "Chocolate Fund" campaign for the United States Forces in France, in which they raised one hundred dollars.

Besides this, the girls have done a great deal of knitting and Red Cross work—especially making "comfort kits." Once a week they are given military drill by a member of the Home Guard.

At present, the troop is working hard for the War Service Award. A great number of the girls are already qualified for the individual awards.

E. B.

WHEATON, ILL.

I wish I might be able to express my delight in this work. I have a wonderful group of girls, and we are planning on doing real work. We have only been organized six months but the present week brings us up to a full troop membership, and we hope our recruiting week will get us well along with a new troop. We have patrols started in two nearby small towns.

We have a Red Cross unit for Saturday morning work, a telephone corps for use in reaching many people quickly as in Women's Club messages, etc., one taking military training at the Armory, and we have a fife and drum corps, and a bugler, a basketball team, etc.

Last Saturday I took the girls for an all-day camp—just at the edge of the town. A committee made up menus and purchased supplies. Meals were cooked and served by a different patrol each week and served in army style. They were truly military in their line-up and service, and all went like clockwork. Then there were games, a great deal of signaling, and finally a sham battle in a field of high grass. At nine o'clock in the morning all "fell in" and stood at attention for five minutes facing the East—secretly pledging themselves to greater effort in helping the boys over there. The troop then repeated the Lord's Prayer.

I never saw a happier group of girls than were out there that day. Many parents came out and all enjoyed our camp which looked real camp-like with tents, big fire, etc.

M. B., Captain

BOWLING GREEN, OHIO

A few days ago I received a copy of the RALLY, this I wish to say was very much enjoyed by myself and some of the girls.

The girls are enjoying the work so much, and at the present time there is so much to be done. Our first work was to help find the babies, tell their mothers where to take them to be weighed, and measured, and to go and help bring them to their places on the day assigned. This, you understand, was for the Child Welfare. At our county fair, we had a little tent just opposite the Red Cross display. We were on duty all week and marched in the parade. One of the scouts owns a very pretty horse; this she rode just ahead of the scouts with the American flag, then three girls in the center with the Girl Scout banner. Everyone said that we made a fine showing.

Since then the girls have put up posters for the Red Cross, whenever they have been asked they are in the front and surely work hard. The head of the Red Cross in Bowling Green telephoned me and asked if the girls could distribute some little papers on the treatment of Spanish Influenza. This call came at 10:45, and at 2 P. M. the girls were at their places all ready for service. We canvassed our city, which has about seven thousands in population, and were in at 5 P. M. As we had a good many left we thought it a good plan to pass them on the street in the evening as a good many from the country come in on Saturday. It was a tiresome afternoon, as we all worked fast and very hard to finish. You see we are quite busy and have only been organized a very short time.

Mrs. F. L. A., Captain

YONKERS, NEW YORK

The Girl Scouts of Yonkers, Troop 10, have been working hard this summer to help the Government conserve food. They have dried and canned over 9,000 quarts of vegetables and fruits, including cabbage, beans, corn, spinach, cucumbers, tomatoes, Swiss chard, peaches and "Liberty Cabbage." At the same time they enjoyed a good many hours of recreation, swimming, boating, hiking and picnicing. Now we have begun our meetings again and we'll be Second Class Scouts as soon as we master the Semaphore Signaling. Several of the girls are ready for some merit badges.

We are starting a new class of Tenderfoots also.

The last number of the RALLY is very interesting and inspiring, and makes us long to do more.

E. A., Captain.

LIMA, OHIO

The Lily of the Valley, Troop No. 1, of Lima, Ohio, gave a movie play entitled "Fighting in France." The girls worked hard for two weeks to sell tickets.

The date of the showing was August 16-17. The troop cleared eighty-seven dollars. The money is to be divided among the girls to help them get their uniforms.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Iris, Troop 1, Middletown, Connecticut, has been organized since May, 1918. We held in May a Sale of War Breads, Cakes and Cookies, and made nearly \$30.00 toward our uniforms. On May 19 we were in the big Red Cross parade. This was the first instance of troop action here, and we created quite a sensation.

In August, we had an eight-day camping trip on Long Island Sound near Madison. Here we carried out a real camp program from Reveille and Calisthenics at seven o'clock in the morning to Taps at nine o'clock at night. This was our program: 7.00, Reveille; 7.10, Calisthenics; 7.30, Breakfast; 8.00-8.45, Police Duty; 8.45-9.00, Swimming; 12.30, Dinner, 1.15-2.15, Rest Hour; 2.15-5.45, Hiking or Swimming; 6.00, Retreat; 6.15, Supper; 7.00-8.30, Songs and games on the beach; 9.00, Taps.

During Children's Patriotic Play Week, September 16-23, we gave an exhibition one afternoon in connection with the Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls. We gave a "Day in Camp" and acted one of our day's schedule through. Scouting is fast becoming known in Middletown and the organization is growing. There are new members nearly every week, and we hope for far more enthusiasm.

All this time, we have not forgotten our war work. We have sewed for the Red Cross and saved pictures in scrap-books. But most of our time has thus far been spent on getting started. This winter we are hoping to go "over the top" in war activities.

F. W. L., Captain.

French's Patriotic Plays

The Girls Over Here A patriotic play in one act. The characters are eight young ladies who are interested in working for the victory of Uncle Sam and his Allies.

The Liberty Thrift Girls A patriotic play in one act for nine female characters. This spirited play is lively and liberty propaganda in dramatic form, simply told and relieved by natural humor and a variety of lovable characters.

Hooverizing Internationale A patriotic play in one act appealing for the Conservation of Food.

Colette of the Red Cross A one-act play for nine females. The principal character is a lovable little French girl who has been adopted by an American Girl's Auxiliary of the Red Cross.

The Spirit of Liberty A patriotic entertainment for use in schools, containing pantomimes, drills, and dances. Any number of boys and girls may be used.

For Freedom A patriotic play in one act for three females and one male. It is a call to men to serve, and women to give their men to the cause of freedom.

The Man Without a Country A patriotic play for boys. The thrilling masterpiece of patriotism from which this play has been made is too well known to need introduction. The play is in a prize and three acts. Any number of male characters can be used.

Awake! Then That Sleepest! A war play, in one act, by Grace Richardson. 6 females. Shows the awakening of a girl sleeper. Patriotic little drama well suited to girls' clubs.

All the above are published separately at 25 cents per copy, 2 cents additional for postage. They are all adaptable for School use, Red Cross and other War benefits.

Send two-cent stamp for our 148-page catalogue describing thousands of plays and special list of patriotic plays.

Samuel French, 23 W. 38th St., New York

COMFORT, TEXAS

Our meetings are very interesting. Every week Lieutenant Holkamp brings garments for the scouts to take home, and sew, or crochet—or something to knit for war relief work. Most of the girls are putting in three hours directed work in the Red Cross rooms per week. We've started a campaign for new members; each scout carries a copy of the "Scout Laws" with her to school or work, and any "prospective" gets this copy. Then, if they feel as if "on their honor" they want to try and be scouts, we bring them to meeting.

Scribe Hertha Brinkman has gotten the greatest number so far, and even prepares them for their Tenderfoot Test. In this way all the members of all three patrols have passed their Tenderfoot Tests and are 'most ready for their Second Class.

Wednesday after school we intend going on a five-mile hike, to Mt. Alto and back again.

The Senior Patrol are getting waked up and have started target practice under the direction of their Leader.

We are all doing the best we know how, and we are always ready for further suggestions.

G. B.

OUR OWN WIN-THE-WAR PAGE

How You Can ENLIST IN THE SALVAGE SERVICE

Salvage is a new word to some of you and, perhaps, you are not quite sure what it means. But there is really no mystery about it at all; salvage is property that is saved or rescued. Like many other words, it has come to have a very special meaning since the war, and now when we speak of salvage we usually refer to materials now going to waste which may be rescued to do service directly or indirectly for Uncle Sam.

Around us on every hand are things that we are not using—that we may never use—being wasted, and waste these days, as you know, is little short of criminal. Paper, string, rubber, old rubber, woolen rags—but the list is a long one and includes articles found in practically every home.

Enlist your family, if you can; if you can't, organize yourself today into a Salvage Corps of one and start in to discover whether there is anything being wasted in your house that might somehow help in the winning of the war!

The National War Savings Committee has just issued a most complete little booklet, telling just what is needed and where to send it. It is called "War Work at Home" and we could scarcely do better than to reprint the greater part of it here. Since this book was issued primarily for New Yorkers, most of the addresses in it are New York addresses, but in many cases there are local branches of the suggested organization in your own town. Whenever possible send to such a branch, and save shipping expenses.

WAR WORK AT HOME

WHERE TO SEND THE THINGS YOU SAVE

The immediate need of our Government for material and labor to equip the Army and Navy is beyond the power of the mind to grasp.

All that you can spare, all that you can give; the Government needs.

Consider your home as a war plant. See what you can do with it. Remember—putting material where it can be used again is distinctly patriotic.

Not to keep material in active service is Hoarding.



Dogwood Troop 2, of Harrisburgh, Pa., went on duty Thursday morning, September 12th, for an Old Rubber Drive. The rubber was collected by the Motor Messengers and also sent in from all parts of the city. School children brought their old rubbers and preserve jar bands, rubber balls, etc.; automobile and bicycle tires poured in, and also odd pieces of garden hose, hot water bags, tubes, etc. In a short time there was a great, heterogeneous mass to be separated in neat piles and guarded throughout the day by the girls. The drive lasted until the morning of the 17th, with four girls on duty each morning and afternoon, then an auction was held and the Red Cross was enriched by \$2,350.25! Three Boy Scouts assisted during one day. The girls not only did the actual work, but served as a splendid advertisement and reminder to the city that the "Old Rubber" drive was on. The girls' hands and uniforms naturally suffered a bit, but blisters heal and uniforms launder, and the Scouts are only too glad for an opportunity to serve Uncle Sam though a bit of discomfort ensues.

J. S., Captain.

SAVE

Rubber (Old Rubbers, Rubber Bags, Tubing, Auto Tires, etc.).

Paper and String (Newspaper, Wrapping Paper, all Scrap Paper, String and Cord of all kinds).

Metal (Tin Foil, Tooth Paste and other Tubes, Milk Bottle Caps, Old Locks and other metal).

Woolen and Cotton Rags (Carpets, Clothing in any condition, Old Shoes, etc.).

The following organizations will call for them. Materials will be turned back to the mills. Profits will be used for charitable purposes: Telephone: Salvation Army, 535 W. 48th Street. Tel., Bryant 1480.

United Hebrew Charities, 204 E. 23rd Street. Gramercy 5717. (Except wrapping or scrap paper.)

Good Will Industry, 269 State St., Brooklyn. Tel., Main 264.

Tin Foil can be sent to any of the above or to the

Red Cross Art War Relief, Aux. 282, Am., Red Cross, 668 Fifth Ave. Tel., Plaza 8779.

SEND

Old Gold and Silver. American Red Cross, West Side Branch, 303 W. 78d St. Tel., Columbus 4850.

Duryea War Relief, 9 E. 30th St. Tel., Mad. Sq. 4779.

Old Knives and Forks. American Committee for Devastated France, 16 E. 39th St. Tel., Murray Hill 8863. (For use of French refugees.)

Old Linen. The Model Workroom, American Red Cross, 20 E. 38th St. Tel., Vanderbilt 8499.

Old Jewelry, Gold or Silverware, Bric-a-brac, Heirlooms, Brass and Metal Junk. Treasure and Trinket Fund of the Aviation Committee of the National Special Aid Society, Headquarters, 259 Fifth Ave. Tel., Mad. Sq. 7693. Shop, 680 Fifth Ave.

Old Leather (Gloves and Scraps of Old Leather).

National League for Women's Service, 259 Madison Ave. Tel., Vanderbilt 4960.

Art War Relief Auxiliary, 282 Am. Red Cross, 663 Fifth Ave. Tel., Plaza 8779.

Stage Woman's War Relief, 18 E. 34th St. Tel., Greeley 2985.

Packages received at Maillard's, Fifth Ave. and 39th St.

These are made into wind-proof vests for our sailors and soldiers.

Old Clothes and Old Shoes. Especially Warm Clothes (mark clearly "Used Clothing").

Duryea War Relief, 9 E. 30th St. Tel., Mad. Sq. 4779.

Art War Relief, Aux. 282, Am. Red Cross, 663 Fifth Ave. Tel., Plaza 8779—especially old stockings and woven underwear remade into children's clothes.

For relief of French and Belgian Refugees.

The above organizations are all approved by the Charity Organization Society of New York.

SELL

For information as to the Sale of Waste Materials telephone

The National Assn. of Waste Material Dealers, 15 Park Row. Tel., 8705 Barclay.

(The president of this association has just resigned to become head of the Salvage Bureau of the Reclamation Division of the Quartermaster Department in Washington.); or

The Waste Trade Journal, 150 Lafayette St. Tel., Canal 8554.

You can obtain from these people the names of reliable dealers, as well as information as to approximate market prices. These dealers will buy your accumulated waste by the lot and will pay in Thrift Stamps if desired. In any case

PUT YOUR PROFITS IN THRIFT STAMPS

Gold, silver, jewelry and gold and silver plate can be sold at

W. S. S. Metal Market, 40th St. and Fifth Ave., Woolworth Bldg., at value fixed by expert appraisers. Payment to be made in W. S. S. Conducted by a committee appointed by the National W. S. S. Committee of New York.

SEARCH

Go Through Your Home Room by Room.

See: First, where you can save money to lend to your Country. Second, where you can simplify your way of living so as to set labor and time free for war work. Third, how much you can give to help win the war—not only of your waste but of your cherished possessions.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson has sent her gold thimble by the first Aero Mail from Washington, May 15th.

Ex-President and Mrs. Taft have recently given 22 pieces of silver which they had while at the White House.

Col. Roosevelt has donated silver from his own desk.

These contributions have been made to Treasure and Trinket Fund (see list above).

Look Through Your Attic or Your Store Closet.

See what old things you can use yourself to avoid unnecessary spending for new things.

See what you can pass on.

Look Through Your Bureau Drawers and Cupboards.

Send left-overs of wool knitted into 6½-inch squares, to be joined into afghans, or, better, join them yourself into cot size covers, 7 squares by 9 squares; also any small articles as pencils, pens, writing pads, little books or toilet articles suitable to go into comfort bags, to Comforts Committee of Navy League, 405 Madison Ave., near 48th St. Tel., Vanderbilt 8191.

Send pieces of cretonne or comfort bags, 10 x 12 inches, to above, or to Art War Relief, Aux. 282, Am. Red Cross, 663 Fifth Ave. Tel., Plaza 8779.

Old Spectacles and Lenses for war sufferers in Belgium and France can be sent to New York Friends' Service Committee, Friends' Meeting House, 144 E. 20th St., New York, (under American Red Cross).

Old pieces of woolen or cotton material to be made into children's clothes. Send to Art War Relief, 663 Fifth Ave. Tel., Plaza 8779.

Knitted squares or afghans can also be sent to American Red Cross Warehouse, 5 Union Sq. Tel., Stuyvesant 7100.

Many children are making the knitted squares and are interested in making comfort bags and filling them.

Look Over Your Wardrobe.

See what you can pass on or make over to avoid drawing on the limited reservoirs of new material in the country

Remember—In planning necessary clothes, simplicity and durability alone are suitable during the war.

Extravagance in war time is bad form. Consider what can be laundered easily and economically.

Don't forget gasoline is used in dry cleaning and starch and soap have distinct war value.

Have your old shoes re-soled to save leather for shoes for soldiers.

Look Into Your Living Room.

Soldiers and sailors will enjoy your recent magazines. Put a one-cent stamp on each. Give them to the postman. They will be delivered to the right authority.

Books: The Library War Service has asked for Baedekers, European guide books, novels, stories of adventure and travel, etc. Also up-to-date books on civil, mechanical and electric engineering, the trades, business, professions and agriculture, recent text books on military subjects, mathematics, sciences, foreign languages, history and biographies, the present war, dictionaries, etc., for our men in uniform.

Deliver to nearest Public Library or telephone Vanderbilt 3600 to call for them.

Games, suitable for the men in Army or Navy, may be sent to Y. M. C. A. Store Room, 136 West 23d St., care of Mr. Figue.

Musical Instruments and devices of all kinds; Victrola Records and Sheet Music for our soldiers and sailors "over here" and "over there." Send with name and address attached to Orlando Rouland, 130 W. 57th St., N. Y., or, if in need of repair, to Mr. Rouland, care Chas. Ditson & Co., 8 E. 34th St., N. Y., who will repair them free of charge. This work is approved by Secretary Baker. Or send portable instruments, records or music to National War Work Council, Y. M. C. A. Store Room, 136 W. 23rd St., care of Mr. Figue. The supply of these is most inadequate to the demand.

To GIRL SCOUTS

In Washington and Suburbs
Who are doing more than their bit
to win the war.

We congratulate you! And, as Official Outfitters to Girl Scouts in the District, we invite you to come and inspect our showing of Scout uniforms and other equipment.

The Hecht Co.

7th St., near F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

NEWS NOTES

From the Vindicator, Youngstown, Ohio, September 5.

The Girl Scout work of the East Youngstown schools has been one of the finest forms of Americanization. There are ten troops, with one hundred Girl Scouts. They met every week during the school season, and about twenty teachers gladly gave of their time to aid in their activities. The war gardens, thrift stamps and other activities were enthusiastically carried out through the summer. Prof. Coursen, principal of the East Youngstown schools, is an ardent admirer of the Scout movement for Americanization, and looks after the Boy Scout activities, while forwarding every movement for progress in the Girl Scout movement of which Miss Barger and her associate teachers are leaders. The Scout movements will be conducted in an even broader scale this fall and winter, with a war-time program specialized. The East Youngstown Scout plan for socializing the schools is very unique, because the East Youngstown situation is unique, with four schools directing the Americanization of the youth for several years past and the fifth ready for work.

The Scout leaders are very grateful to the Youngstown Playground Association for co-operation, this fine organization aiding the workers with cheer and financial help if it is needed.

What Norwood would have done without the Scouts during this past month, no one knows. When the epidemic of Spanish Influenza first started in Norwood the 70 Girl Scouts were the first to be called on to prepare the huge Civic Association buildings for an emergency hospital, and they worked like Trojans all day Sunday, September 29. Since then they have been on duty in details every day from six in the morning until nine at night, and have been at the beck and call of everyone who wanted something done. Dressed in white, with white masks protecting their faces, they have had this chance to serve humanity and put in practice the Scout Laws, and they have not been found wanting. Their captain, Miss Sarah Oldham, has proved herself a worthy leader of this Troop, for after working all day, she is on duty every night at the Civic Association, and by her example has done much to inspire and encourage the Scouts.

Girl Scouts of New Bedford Meet Emergency.

The Girl Scouts of New Bedford are living up to their motto in the present epidemic of influenza, and undaunted by the fear of contracting the disease they are freely giving their services to help physicians and nurses quell the malady. One head physician says that they are immensely valuable. Last Sunday the Misses Olive and Alice Lowther went to the Isolation Hospital and answered telephone calls all day, thus releasing a trained woman to care for the sick. Lillian Sykes, fourth lieutenant of the Thistle troop, of her own accord, went to the hospital Monday and answered the telephone calls. It was found by the authorities in charge that her services were so valuable that she will be kept there during the epidemic.

Miss Edna Coup and Ethel Tetlow, young misses of but 14 years, are doing their bit by winding bandages at the Isolation Hospital and running errands. Miss Coup carried all available magazines to the hospital for the use of the patients who are convalescing and scrapbooks made by the Girl Scouts containing interesting pictures of men, women, children, birds, flowers, etc., for the children.

Eight girls from the Thistle troop of Girl Scouts were at the Grace house Sunday afternoon making preparations for the opening of the Emergency Hospital Monday morning. They made beds and cleaned the rooms. The group included Lettie McFarland, Elizabeth Rothwell, Lillian Sykes, Annie Timms, Florence Pemberton, Helen C. McWhinnie, Mrs. Annie Pegg and Celia Waite. Other members of the troop including Elizabeth Rushworth, Edith Dewhurst, May Wood, and Elizabeth Dean, went to the Mutual Emergency Hospital at the north end and scrubbed the rooms and made beds.

Mrs. A. E. Pegg, second lieutenant of the Thistle troop and Elizabeth Dean have been cooking and doing whatever they could at the hospital in the north end. The work which the girls are doing is bringing before the public the training which they have received since joining the Girl Scouts.

From the Times, Buffalo, N. Y. September 14.

The secretary of Troop 7 writes: During the summer months our troop has been working hard for merit badges and at our last meeting some of them were presented to several of the scouts. One girl already has eight.

A few Scouts worked on farms this summer under the "Land Army." They picked cherries and berries; dug potatoes, pulled beans and, it is reported, some chased cows.

From the report these farmerettes gave at the last meeting, they came home with anywhere from three cents to six dollars clear profit.

This troop left this morning for an overnight hike to Hamburg. They will return on Sunday evening.

Captain Cassell's Goldenrod Troop spent last Saturday at Delaware Park. During the afternoon the girls had a contest in semaphore. The winner was Miss Frieda Rapp.

From the Herald, Albuquerque, N. M., September 7.

"Gracious, I'd like to be a Girl Scout," was the remark of a twelve-year-old, who was present at the splendid entertainment of the Girl Scouts in the armory Thursday night. "Me, too," and "me, too," were echoed by her companions. The program and demonstration of the Scout work were a revelation of the efficient patriotic service of this order, headed locally by Miss Lisetor-Lane. The songs, unique May pole figure featured by the flags of the Allies, the stirring address by Dr. Bergman, the rousing orchestra music, vocal solos and talks, and pantomimic illustrations of the Scout creed and activities were thrilling. The chase was a number that caught the fancy of old and young in the enthusiastic audience. The drill work was given with precision and elicited much praise. Through courtesy of the guards the Scouts had the armory after 8:30 o'clock. It was in every way successful, and besides making a real impression on the public, netted a sum for the Red Cross.

PATRIOTIC ENTERTAINMENTS

and appropriate Girl Scouts' Plays, Drills, Songs, etc., can be found in our new "Help-U Catalog" sent free. Select in plenty of time.

"The House That Helps"

ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE
Franklin, Ohio Denver, Colorado
300 International Trust Bldg.

Philadelphia Scouts Raise Big Fund For Organization Work.

A drive to raise \$45,000 for the Girl Scouts of Philadelphia, opened on Monday September 16, and continued through September 20. Those in charge of the campaign were: Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, Scout Commissioner for Philadelphia; Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton, Mrs. Norman MacLeod, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson and Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury.

The final returns announced at the end of the campaign amounted to about \$20,000. Miss Cassatt's team led with a total of \$4,704. Rebecca Teller Mayer's team was second, with \$3,184, and Mrs. J. W. Martin's team was third, with \$2,410.

Although the organization started out with the goal of \$45,000 in the drive, it is not disappointed in the result; but, owing to the approach of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, decided not to continue the drive for its own treasury.

Much enthusiasm was awakened by the mammoth parade which opened the drive. The Philadelphia Inquirer says:

"Hundreds of persons homeward bound witnessed an impressive scene when 3,000 Girl Scouts gathered at the base of the Liberty Statue to hold their Liberty Sing. There was an unusual patriotic appeal in the airs sung by the fresh-faced young women, and the crowds joined in rousing choruses.

Mrs. Felix Parker, of the Liberty Loan Committee, made an enthusiastic plea for pledges to the three-year maintenance fund. The speaker recounted the Girl Scouts proven service to the country and referred to them as the messengers of the future. She asked everyone to go home and send a check immediately to keep the girls in the field.

From Rittenhouse Park and down Broad to the statue, the column of 3,000 was led by the police escort and band, and was attended by hundreds of women and children on the sidewalks. Miss Sara Davis, assistant musical director of the public schools, directed the singing and the Navy Quartette sang "Keep the Home Fires Burning" in a way that got response from the throngs, which stayed for everything from the "Star Spangled Banner" to the "Marseillaise."

The *Public Ledger* gives an account of the war work which the Philadelphia girls have accomplished as follows:

The work of the Girl Scouts here since America entered the war is well known to all Philadelphians.

Not only have they been indefatigable workers in the drives for war funds, but they have made extraordinary headway in filling places which the drain on the man-power of the nation would have left vacant. A partial list of workers and the activities they have entered is one which speaks for the patriotism of these Philadelphia girls:

Miss Eugenia Cassatt is training at the Presbyterian Hospital as a Government nurse. Miss Edith Bidle, who for months has been training in a special branch of work, is now waiting orders to sail for France. Miss Gertrude Ely is in France driving an ambulance.

Miss Katharine Lea has taken a course in the pathological laboratories of the Municipal Hospital to prepare herself for essential war work. Miss Harriet Deaver is training at the University Hospital to become a nurse. Miss Rosabelle Benton has been working at a bag-loading plant at Washington Park all summer.

Miss Geneva Lambert has taken the place of a man who went to war, and is a salesman and collector for a firm of pork butchers. Miss Marie Francke replaces a man in operating a machine at the dental works, Thirty-second and Spring Garden streets. Miss Inez Lake and Miss Lillian Mooror are doing office work.

In one year the work of the Girl Scouts toward winning the war has been: Sale of \$1,362,450 worth of Liberty Bonds, sale of \$65,200 worth of thrift stamps, knit \$2,000 worth of wool, made 4,500 surgical dressings, distributed 75,000 posters for the food administration, maintained 150 war orphans, adopted 10 French orphans and entertained 1,500 enlisted men.

The Girl Scouts are well officered, the efficient Local Director for Philadelphia being Mrs. Victor Lavell, and the executive committee consists of Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, Commissioner; Mrs. Radcliffe Cheston, Jr., Vice Commissioner; E. G. Martin, treasurer; Harriet Weaver, Mrs. David S. Stern and Miss Katharine Hutchinson, chairman of Council.

Speaking of Thrift Stamps—Girl Scouts of Alexandria, Pa., had earned enough money to buy their equipment and were about to order it, when a special appeal was made to the community to purchase Thrift Stamps. The girls gave up the idea of their uniforms and invested their savings in Stamps for Uncle Sam. They are now out to earn more money, for they do want those uniforms.

From the Times, Washington, D. C. September 20.

The Yanks will be supplied with 64 gas masks by the Girl Scouts of the district at least.

The Girl Scouts are in a race with every big American city for the collection of peach pits and nuts for use in the manufacture of gas masks. They have collected 12,950 fruit pits, enough to make 64 gas masks.

Chief among these "collectors" is Mrs. Henry T. Rainey, wife of the Congressman from Illinois. Mrs. Rainey resides at 2001 Sixteenth Street Northwest, and is known as "Washington's first farmerette." She is Captain of Troop 7 of Girl Scouts. Mrs. Rainey has gathered 3,000 peach pits for gas masks, setting an example to the Girl Scouts whom she is leading in the peach pit drive.

From the Union, San Diego, Cal. September 22.

Miss Nancy B. Waddell, local director of the Girl Scouts, is putting before the various scout troops the idea of the adoption of Belgian babies as their major work for the coming fall. Troops which are small are urged to combine, and there are troops strong enough to undertake the support as an individual troop. The Senior Sunflower Troop is the first to accept this plan, and with its Captain, Miss Marguerite Farwell, is ready to make its payment.

Troop No. 9, Bittersweet, Toledo, Mrs. T. E. Morse, Captain, spent a day out of doors very profitably. The girls were notified that near Toledo was an old peach orchard where many pits were to be found on the ground. The troop hiked out there and were able to collect over a thousand in about half an hour. Unfortunately a heavy shower came down, cutting off the work for the day. The troop intends to add to the collection later on.

Dorothy Hill, of Troop No. 26, Toledo, Miss Gertrude Lawson, Captain, has sold Thrift Stamps to the amount of \$2,119.98. This achievement with Red Cross work and Labor Replacement has gained for her the Girl Scout War Service Badge.

Troop No. 6, Lily-of-the-Valley, Toledo, Mrs. Frances Burk, Captain, won the War Garden prize, a War Savings Stamp, donated by the Toledo War Garden Committee. The girls took a lot in one of the near town sub-divisions, planted it with mixed vegetables and had a fine garden, netting them over \$6.20 in money and twenty-six cans of vegetables, all given to the soldiers.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

Miss Cora Nelson, National Field Captain, whose work for the last year has been in New England, centered in the towns around Camp Devens, has been assisting Mrs. James J. Storrow in the direction of the Training Course for Girl Scout Officers, held October 12th to 20th, in the home of Mrs. V. Everit Macy, 4 East 75th Street, New York City. This course was a most unusual one and it is hoped that a fuller account of it may be included in the December RALLY.

Miss Laura P. Holland, National Field Captain, who has done much work in the Middle West, is at present working in Minneapolis. A recent report from her includes the following references to her work in Toledo, where she spent the month of September.

"During my stay in Toledo it was possible to start troops in Morenci, Michigan; Port Clinton, Ohio, near Camp Perry, where Mrs. Jackson (Local Director for Toledo) is to co-operate with the W. C. C. S. worker in young girls' work, and Norwalk, Ohio. The first two will be supervised by the Toledo Council and the latter was the outgrowth of some Field work I did at the Boston Training Camp last July. The troops in and around Toledo that I organized last June are all flourishing and growing constantly."

Miss Holland recently worked with Mrs. Jackson in conducting a class for Leaders in Toledo that was attended by a large and representative number.

Miss Cora Neal, National Field Captain for the South, is having a month's vacation.

TWO GOOD BOOKS FOR GIRL SCOUTS

"GIRLS OF OLD GLORY," by Mary Constance Du Bois (Century Co., New York), a story about a little group of girls with true Scout ideals. When Girl Scouts read it they will surely feel that the only reason the Old Glory Girls were not Girl Scouts was because they didn't know about them. "Girls of Old Glory" are very human girls, full of fun and keen for adventure. They get into trouble, too, but loyalty to Old Glory—there, that's enough to tell. There is a mystery woven into the plot that keeps the interest up to the very last word.

"A GIRL SCOUT OF RED ROSE TROOP," by Amy E. Blanchard (W. A. Wilde Company, Boston). Carol Fenwick is the realest sort of a little girl who discovers what good times Girl Scouts have, and decides

to become one. She is the means of organizing the Red Rose Troop and the fun these girls have forms plenty of material for a book. They have adventures, too, and meet all sorts of interesting people. There is, for instance, Peggy Ryan, the old Irish lady whom they rescue, and jolly Dr. Ward and his invalid wife, and ever so many others whom you will want to know. Any little girl who is, or is going to be, a Girl Scout will find real enjoyment in this story of other Girl Scouts.

COMING—A REPORT ON THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

Of course you're all on tip-toe waiting to hear what Girl Scouts did in the Fourth Liberty Loan, but it can't be told just yet, because the RALLY had to go to press before the reports had come in. True, they've started. They're straggling along like stray sheep now—but soon they'll come in such flocks and droves that National Headquarters will be all of a flutter keeping up with them! They can't come too fast, however, or be too big; there's a place all ready for them, and the accountant is eager to wade into those columns and columns of figures. She loves them. So just send your records along as fast as you can. We'll have that National Record fixed up for you in no time—for a New Year's greeting, we hope.

CAPTAINS, ATTENTION!

By the time this copy of the RALLY reaches you, you will have received a letter from National Headquarters and other material telling all about the United War Fund, and the big opportunity there is for your scouts to work in the Victory Girls' Division. Perhaps you have been too busy to do anything definite yet; if so, do not delay any longer. Start now to line your girls up for one of the biggest pieces of national work ever offered to us. Read the article in this issue "What the United War Fund Means to Girl Scouts." Get in touch with the Local Victory Girls' Committee, work up the enthusiasm of your girls so that your troop may come in with flying colors!

CONCERNING KHAKE AND BUTTONS

At the regular monthly meeting of the Executive Board in September it was voted "that Girl Scouts who make their own uniforms and buy their own material, may purchase buttons, provided they buy khaki of the official color and provided they use the official pattern."

From the Herald, Boston, Mass., October 6.

The White Rose Troop No. 26, of Springfield, claims the Girl Scout honors for war gardening and canning. Here is their record:

On a plot of ground 50 by 60 feet, doing all their own work in hours outside of summer school, they raised a great variety of vegetables, which they sold for \$50. The vegetables that were left—and the fact that there were some showed the scouts how much produce ordinarily goes to waste—they took to the Victory bread shop and canned, 100 jars in all. With the proceeds they plan to buy their new uniforms. Sometime this month they expect to compete for the canning championship with two other Springfield teams.

Four Girl Scouts of Faith Church Troop No. 8, in Springfield, have made a remarkable record selling thrift stamps. Their total to date of \$4,201 should be an inspiration to others, and goes to show what girls can do in the way of war work. These are the figures: Virginia Tate, \$1,205; Barbara Chapin, \$1,125; Gertrude Leiper, \$950; Louise Lockridge, \$880.

From The Journal, Winston-Salem, N. C., September 7.

Girl Scouts have at last arrived in Winston-Salem. They have been on the way for some time; but for various reasons have heretofore remained at a distance. Now, they are actually in the city. The meetings take place under the direction of Miss Sadie Martin, the Girl Scout Leader.

From the News, Savannah, Ga., September 1.

A very delightful entertainment was the dance given last evening by Troop No. 10 of the Girl Scouts at the Casino. Miss Rean Robider, lieutenant of this troop of Scouts, was in charge of the entertainment, which was most successful, and the proceeds will be used by the troop for their war relief work. The music was furnished by the High School Orchestra.

Uniforms of soldiers, sailors and marines, who were the guests of the evening, made a most attractive scene mingled as they were with the khaki uniforms of the Scouts.

Because of the success of this dance a series of weekly dances have been carried out by different troops. The second of these was given by Troop No. 5, under the direction of Mrs. J. Islar Oliveros.



Girl Scout Equipment

Feel like a real scout—be properly outfitted.

National Headquarters carries all insignia, ready-to-sew uniforms, khaki, ties, handkerchiefs, whistles, flags and many other scout supplies.

Write for an up-to-date list with prices.
National Headquarters, Girl Scouts,
1 Madison Avenue, New York City.



Khaki Land for Girls

Complete outfits of Girl Scout suits and accessories, including: Blouses, skirts, middies, bloomers and coats; junior middies and bloomers, felt hats, khaki hats, Girl Scout handkerchiefs with emblem, black neckerchiefs, canteens, whistles, belts, manila rope and camping accessories.

The Sigmund Eisner Company

National Official Outfitter for Girl Scouts

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